

NEW JEWELRY STORE!

JOHN M. HUBBARD,
IN HIS NEW STORE.....IN HOTEL BLOCK.

LOTS OF NEW GOODS.
JEWELRY IN PROPOSITION.
JUST WHAT YOU WANT.
To \$1000.00.

No Charge for Engraving.
The Prettiest Goods in the Town, and it's a pleasure to show them.

— If you have Accounts with J. M. HUBBARD & BRO. make settlement with them at above place.

JOHN M. HUBBARD.

M. A. DEAN. W. H. GEER. D. L. O. MOORE.

WE WISH TO SAY

TO OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY that we have greatly increased our stock of—

SHOES, DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

and are prepared to give prices LOWER THAN EVER.

We have on hand a big stock of FLOUR and MOLASSES, which will sell cheaper than anybody.

Call and inspect our Stock. Remember, we keep nothing but First Class Goods, and will take pleasure in giving prices, whether you buy or not. Yours,

DEAN, GEER & MOORE.

W. H. SMITH. A. A. BRISTOW.

WHEN YOU GO TO GREENVILLE

Call and see the Handsomest and Newest line of

Clothing, Hats and Furnishings,

To be Found in the City.

SEND US AN ORDER, which we will gladly fill, and if not satisfactory to be returned at our expense.

SMITH & BRISTOW,
Clothing and Furnishings, Greenville, S. C.

FURNITURE

AT

PANIC PRICES.

The Greatest Bargains in Furniture ever offered in South Carolina are offered at

G. F. TOLLY & SON'S,

DEPOT STREET.

They have the Largest, Cheapest and Best Selected Stock in the State, and challenge any Furniture House in the State for a comparison of prices.

WALNUT and OAK SUITS cheaper than they can be bought from any Factory.

BUREAUX at prices unheard of before.

PARLOR SUITS cheaper than any.

AND EVERYTHING in the Furniture line.

Come and see for yourselves and be convinced that what we say is true.

Come and look at our Stock, whether you want to buy or not. We will be pleased to show you around.

Caskets and Coffins furnished Day or Night.

G. F. TOLLY & SON,
Depot Street, Anderson, S. C.

ANDERSON COUNTY DISPENSARY.

We are Dispensers of the finest grades of FLOUR at prices that cannot be beaten elsewhere.

On all other **GROCERIES** we dispense nothing but the purest and best Goods.

On **Crockery, Glass and Tinware** we dispense only the best material, and at prices lower than you have to pay for shoddy goods elsewhere.

OUR MOTTO: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you—sell to little profit and sell fast."

Thank our friends and customers for their past trade, we ask a continuance of the same at the **GREAT BARGAIN STORE.** Yours ready to please,

WEBB & SIMPSON.

12,000 Bushels Yellow Tennessee Oats for Seed.

OUR STOCK OF

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

IS COMPLETE.

We will not be Undersold for the Cash.

— GIVE US A CALL.

D. S. MAXWELL & SON,
NO. 5 HOTEL CHIQUEOLA.

LOOK HERE!

CATCH ON TO THIS!

We have too many Goods to carry, therefore for the next SIXTY DAYS we put our LARGE and HANDSOME STOCK—

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

CONSISTING OF

Millinery, Notions, Shoes,
Handsome Dress Goods,
Priestlies Hemstretas.

Also, the handsomest lot of SILKS, in all the new shades, that has ever been brought to this market.

Ladies' and Misses WRAPS and JACKETS in every style.

— Glance at our Bargain Counter and see what you can do.

"Come one, come all,"
And get your share of all."

Thanks for the past. Respectfully,

JOHN H. AND E. L. CLARKE

HAVE FORMED A PARTNERSHIP IN THE

MERCHANT TAILORING BUSINESS,

Under the Firm name of **JOHN H. CLARKE & BRO.** and respectfully ask the patronage of the general public. We have secured the services of Mr. KLINE, who learned his trade in Germany, and is a fine workman. He has worked in several of the best tailors in this country. Mr. BAYLIS R. CLARKE is also with us. He, too, is a first class cutter and workman. We have long suffered for the want of such workmen, but now we keep some nice Piece Goods on hand, and a full line of Samples from the North and West for you to select from. Altering, Cleaning and Repairing neatly and promptly done at reasonable prices. We are very anxious to do a good business this Fall and Winter, and shall spare no effort or expense to do so.

Very respectfully,

JOHN H. CLARKE & BROTHER.

FLOUR.....FLOUR.....FLOUR!

We can save you some money on Flour—EVERY POUND guaranteed to be as represented, and at Lowest Prices.

OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION.

— COME AND SEE US—WE ARE GLAD TO QUOTE PRICES.

W. H. HARRISON & CO.

Agents for Tenney's Candies.

Anderson Intelligencer.

A SLAUGHTER OF RABBITS.

War on the Pests Every Year in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 25.—With the month of March opens the season for a sport that is distinctly and exclusively a feature of California life. It is a rabbit drive. Though marked by cold-blooded and promiscuous slaughter, the rabbit drive is yearly growing in popularity with Californians, who when they go afield with snares strung for the action, literally combine business with pleasure. A rabbit drive means a half day of the wildest excitement to a regiment of men, a violent and certain death to a legion of long-eared, lime-limbed jack rabbits and the preservation of thousands of bushels of grain and numberless valuable trees and grape vines.

The valleys of Central and Southern California swarm with jack rabbits. For years they proved themselves a pest of the worst kind to farmers. They rooted over the grain fields and destroyed young grape vines and fruit trees by girdling them near the ground with their sharp teeth. All sort of schemes were resorted to the annihilation of these creatures, but in spite of the poisoned baits and the traps prepared for them they increased in numbers until they threatened to destroy every crop of grain that was planted, and every vine and tree that was set out.

Five years ago the farmers of Fresno County resolved to rid the county of some of the animals, and they planned a rabbit drive. On a certain day the grain and fruit growers for miles around assembled in the fields at the southeast of Fresno. The country was virtually deserted, and the ranks of the farmers were strengthened by men, women and children from the town who made sport of what the farmers considered serious business.

First, a corral was built of wire fencing about four feet wide. This inclosure surrounded about an acre of land, and in form represented a Bartlett pear split lengthwise. The entrance was at the small end. Running out from each side of this gateway were wires of wire fencing extending nearly a quarter of a mile each way. From the extremities of these wings the people far into the field as their numbers would permit without breaking the rank, until they formed a living circle around a tract of land twenty acres in extent.

The women and children were placed nearest the fences, for in the field action work was to be done. When the line was completed and all the things were in readiness the leader of the drive gave the signal, and, yelling at the top of their lungs and beating the ground with clubs, the line closed slowly in.

When the advance toward the corral began, now and then the drivers at some particular point in the line would be aroused to a degree of enthusiasm that seemed almost maniacal by a light-brown hump that rose from the ground and stretched itself into a dim streak that momentarily lengthened toward the opposite line of drivers. That was a jack rabbit, started from his lair. As the lines of men drew near each other the brown streaks doubled rapidly; on themselves, and finally began to zigzag wildly across the inclosure as the frightened long-eared creatures ran higher and thither in search of an opening through which they might escape.

Gradually the animals were driven toward the corral until finally the last one in the inclosure, which was an undulating mass of hopping and skipping bunnies completely at the mercy of their enemies. As many of the men and boys as cared to do so entered the inclosure and with clubs slew the rabbits, a sharp crack on the skull being all that was necessary to put a permanent quietus on the animals. In about four hours' time upwards of ten thousand rabbits were killed.

The undertaking was voted a complete success by the farmers, and from that day the rabbit drive has been an established thing in Central and Southern California.

The most exciting and successful rabbit drive ever held came off on the 10th of March, 1892, near Fresno. It was the last day of the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, which was being held in that city. A crowd of people numbering eight thousand, including war veterans and visitors to the encampment, encircled a vast territory. It was a disastrous day for rabbits, and also for a good many of the drivers who, after the fun was over, had a picturesque assortment of bumps and bruises to exhibit as a result of the reckless use of the clubs.

An immense corral was built, and after a few hours of enthusiastic labor it was literally alive with rabbits. Twenty thousand is the estimate of the number of animals killed on that occasion. The ground within the wire fence was bespattered with the carcasses of the dead creatures.

The months of March and April are the ones in which the farmers are the most anxious to exterminate the rabbits, for in May and June, and, in fact, through all the summer months, they propagate and multiply at an alarming rate. The farmer reckons that every rabbit that he kills in March and April prevents the birth of fifty of its kind.

In the vineyards and orchards the rabbits are specially destructive. In the former the animal watches for the bursting forth of the green shoot that, if allowed to grow, would in July and August, bend under the weight of luscious fruit. Of these tender and juicy sprouts the jack rabbit is very fond, and he nibbles them off with great relish. In instances where vineyards have just been planted the young vines are eaten off close to the ground. The fact that these rabbits will go through a vineyard of twenty acres in a single night and strip it of every vestige of foliage shows how great a pest these animals are.

When the sap begins to run in the fruit trees the orchards are in danger. The rabbit in the spring rolls the bark of the prune tree under his tongue as a delicious morsel. Sitting on his haunches he deliberately gnaws the bark off the trunk of the trees all the way round, then standing on his rear legs he gnaws his way back to the starting point. When a tree has been girdled in this fashion it might as well be cut down and cast into the fire. To protect their trees the farmers were compelled to wrap the trunks from the ground up to a height of two feet with several thicknesses

of gunny sack, and those who can afford it follow this plan of protection today.

The jack rabbit of California, like the trees and the fruit of that State, are much larger than the jack rabbit of the prairie east of the rocky mountains, and a person who is unacquainted with the nature of the animal at first sight of him gets the impression that he is a very tame creature.

He will sit quietly by the roadside while a team passes, and if the team should stop and the occupant of the wagon get out with the idea of picking up the mid looking creature the rabbit will probably remain sitting with ears erect until the person reaches out to grasp him. Then there is a flash and the astonished man sees a dim line stretching away from him until fifteen or twenty yards away. It resolves itself into the same jack rabbit that a moment before was quietly sitting almost beneath his hand.

Hunting these rabbits with greyhounds is a favorite pastime with sportsmen. A race across the country between a fleet-footed greyhound and a jack rabbit is an exciting thing to look at, but thoroughly to enjoy it from start to finish a person must have a long-range field glass that can be focused instantly.

A jack rabbit in California that measures five feet from the tip of his toes on his hind legs to the tip of his ears is a common sight. During the winter and early spring his flesh is very palatable, and he is baked into very nice pies at that season of the year. Later on he is assailed by fleas that swarm over him in myriads and keep him as poor as a railroad spike until they are drowned out by the fall rains.

The Blacksnake and the Rattlesnake.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., February 23.—A thrilling fight between a blacksnake and a rattlesnake was witnessed on the Ouningo's orange grove by a party of gentlemen from Daytona. For several weeks past a blacksnake about ten feet long had made its headquarters under an old crab on the grove, appearing occasionally, but never allowing himself to be killed. He was as large around as one's wrist and as fierce a looking fellow as one would want to encounter.

The gentlemen were seated under a large palm tree enjoying the pleasant afternoon when they noticed a rattlesnake creep slowly and cautiously from the brush heap and coil himself with head in the air and eyes turned toward the party as if to say: "Here I am." One gentleman seized a club, but the others persuaded him to delay his attack and watch the reptile for awhile and see what it would do. They had a chance to size up the stranger, which was about six feet long and of a grayish striped color. In a few minutes the black snake was seen to appear from under the crab, fifty feet distant, and move slowly toward the rattlesnake.

"Now for a fight," said Mr. Bert Walker, and the party drew back to give the reptile a full show. Noiselessly came the big black fellow, carrying his head high in the air and occasionally dropping it, apparently studying the ground around which he was to make the attack. It was plainly evident that the black snake wanted to fight. When within twenty feet of the other creature he stopped, raised his head and the rattlesnake saw him for the first time. The ground between them was clear, not a stick or a stone being noticed for many yards.

The rattlesnake raised his head and threw out his tongue, and seemed to be prepared for an encounter. They really reminded one of a couple of desperate men just entering the arena for a fight to the death. Presently the black champion started on a circle around his prey, nearer to the rattlesnake every minute. The latter never took his eyes from his approaching enemy and his head going around reminded the looker on of the movements of a corkscrew. When within six feet of the rattlesnake, the black fellow flew around so fast that he could hardly tell what it was. It was like taking a string tied to a stick and twirling it with all one's might. Suddenly, the two came together and immediately became entwined about each other, rolling over and over in the dust. This lasted fully five minutes. Then there was a full and the blacksnake was seen to have his adversary by the throat with his mouth. His body was twisted about the rattlesnake's body, and every few seconds he would give a squeeze that sent the rattlesnake so much further toward his end.

In ten minutes the black hero dropped the body of his victim, blew himself up, took one last look and then slowly wound off into the brush.

It was a rare and remarkable scene and thoroughly enjoyed by all the party. One of the gentlemen raised up the dead rattlesnake on a stick and found that he was terribly gashed and mangled. Like the box constrictor, the blacksnake does not bite but crushes out the life of its victim.

Divine Concealment.

When some of the Sioux Indian chiefs were invited to go to Washington and visit President Grant, one of them known as "Spotted Tail," hesitated about going for the following reason: He said that if he went he should probably see many things which would be new to him, and when he returned his friends would ask him what he had seen on his journey. If he told them the whole story, they would listen for awhile, and then leave his lodge one afternoon, saying: "Spotted Tail tells lies since he has seen the Great Father's Kingdom; the white men have seen have had bad medicine for him." Thus he feared he might lose his chieftainship and his influence among the Sioux.

The fear of this chief was not altogether without foundation. It is related that a certain young Indian once made such a visit, and witnessed the wonders of civilization, and on his return to his tribe, they listened to his wonderful tales, until he told them he had seen a white man take a basket and faster it to a big ball, and get into it and fly up in the air; and when an old Indian, concluding that a man who could like that had lived long enough, leveled his gun and shot him through the heart.

It is sometimes pretty serious business for a man to undertake to tell all he knows. There are men who will not believe anything unless they can understand it, and the more marvelous the tales they hear, the greater the mariners are supposed to be. Many a skeptic is certain that Old Indians are lying to him, as was this old Indian, when he heard the young chief talking about men hitching themselves to a balloon and flying up into the sky. They do not believe his story, for the simple reason that they do not know enough to believe the truth upon this subject. Hence, at times, even truth must be withheld from such persons, because they are not in a fit condition to receive or appreciate it. The pearls must not be cast before swine, nor the holy things given to the dogs.

The fears of the wise chief were not realized. He made the visit to Washington, saw the sights and wonders, and on his return was so careful and prudent in his statements that his influence was increased rather than diminished. He was the firm friend of both Indians and whites, and was finally selected supreme ruler of his tribe.—*Religious Paper.*

The Governor's Mistake.

"I once made a mistake myself by trying to be very thorough," said the governor, shutting his teeth down on the Habana, and closing his eyes retrospectively.

"When was it?" we asked.

"Not so long ago," said the governor. "Do any of you think I look like a fel on?" he asked. The replies were not unambiguous.

"Well, I was arrested as one, within the last two years," he said. "When I came into the governorship I thought I would be very thorough, and one of the first things I investigated was the convict system. The newspapers said I had made promises that I would give honest labor a show. Perhaps I had. So one day I slipped off by myself, and went up to the mines and see how the thing was being worked when no one was expected. The charge had been made that the lessee ran things very differently when an investigating committee was expected, from the way they usually ran them, and that ordinarily the treatment was very harsh. I intended to go down into the mines, and I put on an old suit of clothes, in which I used to hunt occasionally. They were torn and muddy, and I congratulated myself that no one would know me."

"In the pockets were all sorts of odds and ends, such as string, wire, a knife, nippers, etc. I got the conductor to let me off the train at a crossing, and walked a mile or two to the mines. As I got near them, thinking I would look over the ground before going out in the cleared space, I turned out of the path and struck up the hill through the brush. I took a survey, and saw a small group of men around a fire, one or two of them convicts, one or two perhaps visitors, and one a guard with a double barrel shot gun across his arm. I was thinking of going down, and took a step or two, when someone behind me said, 'Hold on; come back here.' I turned, and there, thirty steps from me, was a guard, an ugly old fellow, long and bony, standing with his shot gun across his arm. 'What do you want?' I asked.

"I want you," he said, "and I want you quick. Come here."

"I went over, moved rather by curiosity. 'Well, what do you want with me?'"

"I'm going to take you to the warden," he said.

"But I won't go," I said. "I don't want to go to the warden and I won't go."

"You won't? Well, we'll see if you won't. If you don't, you'll get a load o' buck shot," he said, dropping his gun, and pulling back the hammer slowly.

"I saw that he had me, and I determined to explain. 'I am a visitor up here,' I said.

"Yes, no doubt; that's why I want you. I want you to finish out your visit. We can't bar to part with you. Walk along there."

"But—" I began.

"But nothing," said he: 'you don't want to but, but this; and he gave me a crack with the butt of his gun which nearly knocked me over. 'March on,' he said.

"Look here; I am the governor of the State," said I, trying to look imposing.

"He looked at me quizzically. 'You're a pretty-looking gov'—I'm glad to see you; I'm glad to see you finish out your term. Walk along there and shut yer jaw. I'm gittin' kinder tired on it, and I've a good mind to let you have a load o' buck shot anyways, jest to teach you manners."

"Well, that old fellow marched me down and made a convict go through my clothes. The things in my pocket were positive proof of my guilt, of course, and you never heard such a lambasting as he gave me in your life, all the time keeping a running fire at me, asking what I was 'for,' etc. The circumstantial evidence was that I was a burglar, but he all agreed that I looked like a pickpocket, and one man even suggested that I had picked a burglar's pocket. That was the worst of all. Then he marched me off to the warden."

"What became of the guard?" asked one.

"He's my manager on my farm," said the governor, "and he still makes me march straight."

The Bigness of Texas.

A recently printed statement that the Western States of America are becoming crowded is disproved by figures that, through various manipulations, tell a most wonderful story of the length and breadth of the magnificent empire lying west of the Mississippi.

Of the vast area of the larger Western States people who have not visited them and travelled over them have no comprehensive idea. Texas, the largest of the United States, has an area of 362,290 square miles. To the casual reader, these figures mean very little; they show, however, that the Lone Star State is more than fifty-four times as large as the State of Connecticut.

If it were possible to run a railway train from Connecticut to Texas and back in a day, and if the train could take the entire population of the Nutmeg State, as given in the last census, at every trip, and get into it and fly up in the air; and when an old Indian, concluding that a man who could like that had lived long enough, leveled his gun and shot him through the heart.

It may be of passing interest to know that such a train, made up of coaches twenty feet long, capable of accommodating fifty passengers each, would extend over a distance of more than fifty-six miles.

planted with corn and the hills were two feet apart, and the rows were three feet apart, and if every man, woman and child in the State of Connecticut were set to work in the field to hoe the corn, and each person were able to, and did hoe two hills in five minutes, it would take this army of laborers 7 years, 280 days and 7 hours to hoe every hill of corn in the State, laboring continuously day and night 855 days each year.

To those persons who have never stopped to consider how great a country they are living in these figures may be of interest. The man who fears that he does not elbow his way around in the crowded West without chafing the nap of his coat sleeves may gather some solace from the statement that the entire living population of the globe, 1,400,000,000 souls, divided into families of five persons each, could be located in Texas, each family with a house on a half acre lot, and there would still remain 50,000,000 vacant family lots.—*New York World.*

A Wise Bird.

Joaquin Miller, in the Independent, relates the following instances of a bird's sagacity, which is truly marvelous:

"We have a little woodcock here, (in California), which shows even more than human foresight and knowledge in preparing his winter's food. This bird runs a spiral line of holes up and around a pine or oak tree—each hole large enough to receive the tip end of an acorn; and here the busy little fellow and his co-operative society drive in bushels and bushels of acorns, point first. And they drive them in so tight and fast that it is hard work to dig one out, even with the point of a knife.

"Nothing remarkable or superior in this to other woodpeckers, you say? But hold on a moment. The marvel is they do not eat these acorns. They simply drive them in, point first, leaving the large and soft end exposed to the sun and rain, and then sit by and wait for months for the results. Meantime the large end of the acorn so exposed soaks or roasts, and then a moth lays an egg there; this egg finally becomes a worm or grub, and grows to almost fill the shell, feeding on the decaying acorn; and finally, when plump and fat as a pig, the woodpecker kills and eats him, throwing down the empty acorn shell at the roots of the tree and leaving the hole empty, which has cost him many a hard knock, to be used again and again for many generations.

And why does he make these lines of holes spiral? Because his hard, little head is level, and he knows that if he bore a straight line, he will weaken the bark; and he knows, too, that if he does not distribute his board evenly, the bark is liable to break and fall from excess of weight. But this is not quite so wonderful as his cold-blooded calculation in getting the moth to help him prepare his winter's dinner; for here he calculates not only on the moth, but the very elements to help him; and it is probable that he never calculates in vain or makes a single mistake."

A Crazy Lover's Act.

GALVESTON, TEX., February 25.—This afternoon Frank Gilbrough shot and killed Miss Dora Wassam, then shot and killed himself. Gilbrough was 29 years old and at one time was employed in the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe general offices. Miss Wassam was 17 years old, the daughter of a resident physician. It seems that Gilbrough has been an admirer of Miss Wassam for some months, and after a proposed marriage could not meet her because his parents could not become his wife. Her parents had raised serious objections on account of the young lady's tender age. To-day Gilbrough went to the Wassam residence and inquired for the young lady, saying: "I have come to marry Dora."

Mrs. Wassam informed him that Dora was not at home, and furthermore could not marry him. Gilbrough left the house and shortly afterwards met the young lady in the street with a younger sister. He shot her and then himself. Both died almost instantly. Gilbrough had been acting strangely for several days, and his act is said to be due to temporary mental derangement.

— Enough spider web to go around the world would weigh half a pound.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

CANTONVILLE, April 20, 1893.

This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having been afflicted with Female Irregularity, being treated without benefit by physicians, were at length completely cured by one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator. Its effect is truly wonderful.

Book to "WOMAN" mailed FREE, which contains valuable information on all female diseases.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Begin Right—Plant WOOD'S Seeds And End Right.

Our seeds are just what southern planters need to meet the demands of the early markets. Our

NEW SEED BOOK,

for 1893, is the most complete guide ever issued for the farmer, gardener, and trucker. It tells how to begin right and end right. We send it FREE. Write for it and current prices of our Grass and Clover Seeds, Seed Grain, Seed Potatoes, &c., you may require. Send your orders direct if your merchant does not handle Wood's Seeds.

T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Seedsmen, Richmond, Va.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

A sewed shoe that will not rip; Cal, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at this price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:

\$4.00 and \$5.00 Fine Cal, Hand-Sewed.
\$3.00 Police, Firemen and Letter-Carriers.
\$3.00 and \$3.50 Sewed and Hand-Sewed.
\$2.00 and \$2.75 for Youth and Boys.
\$2.00 and \$2.50 for LADIES.

It is a DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your shoes. Buy a pair of W. L. Douglas shoes, which represent the best value at the price warranted as thousands can testify. Do you want them?

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where there are no agents. Write for catalogue. (Not for sale in New York and direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted.) Footwear, 100 Broadway, New York City.

GEER BROS., Agents, Belton, S. C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BEST STOVE ON THE MARKET FOR \$10.00.

GLASSWARE, TINWARE and CROCKERY At reasonable Prices.

Bring me your Rags, Green and Dry Hides.

Thanking you for your liberal patronage—

I am yours truly,

JOHN T. BURRISS.

He Will Not Reside in the White House.

President-elect Cleveland has decided not to occupy the White House during the early part of his administration.

He wants the White House to be thoroughly renovated and arranged to suit his family before bringing Mrs. Cleveland and the baby into it. He has therefore arranged to rent a private house in the city for a few months at least. He will take the residence of the late Admiral Porter on H street, between the Twentieth and Eighteenth streets. It is but two blocks from the White House and is one of the oldest and most comfortable residences in Washington. It is a large old-fashioned three-story mansion built of brick and painted to resemble brown stone. It is a double house with a small step, projecting bay windows, heavy cornices and diamond windows.

It has the general suggestiveness of bygone days. There are spacious and well kept grounds about the house enclosed on the west by a high brick wall, surmounted with a row of big urns in which plants and flowers were once kept growing. Mr. Cleveland could not have selected a more comfortable and convenient house in Washington. It may be that he will spend six months or more in this house or perhaps only a month or two.

It is a very unusual thing for the president of the United States to live anywhere than in the executive mansion during his term of office. Mr. Cleveland's action, when he was president before, in buying a summer home, created some feeling of a sensation. It had been the custom of Presidents Lincoln, Grant, Arthur and one or two other presidents to spend a portion of the summer months in one of the houses belonging to the government in the Soldiers' Home grounds adjacent to the city. Mr. Cleveland was invited to occupy one of these houses, but he disliked the idea of having his residence paid for him by the government, and so he purchased a home of his own, Oak View, which he lived in for two or three years and then sold for a clean profit of \$100,000.

A hog, when properly fed, makes more meat in proportion to the food consumed, and more also in proportion to the waste material, than any other animal.

— Last week a party of white caps went to the house of A. Anderson, in Carroll county, Miss., with the intention of whipping him. James Mahabon, one of the party, entered the house, pistol in hand, and Anderson beat and killed him. The others beat a hasty retreat. Anderson had a preliminary trial and was discharged.

W. D. Crowley, travelling man for Marsh, Smith & Marsh, of Atlanta, committed suicide in his boarding house in this city last Friday, shooting himself in the breast with a revolver. He had the day before received a letter from a young lady in North Georgia to whom he was engaged, dismissing him because of his intemperate habits.

— A northern paper dismisses General Beauregard's death with a brief notice as follows: "General G. T. Beauregard, who directed the attack on Fort Sumter, died at the residence of his son, at New Orleans." There was a time when the mere mention of Beauregard's name caused such a tremor of excitement in the north that it took whole columns of northern newspapers to express the feelings of the people. Then mothers would scare their babes into being good by telling them that Beauregard would catch them, and the cheeks of grown men would blanch when his name was spoken. And even now that he is dead, they for the first time, venture to allude to him as "G. T. Beauregard."

ADVICE TO WOMEN

If you would protect yourself from Painful, Profuse, Scanty, Suppressed or Irregular Menstruation you must use

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

CANTONVILLE, April 20, 1893.

This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having been afflicted with Female Irregularity, being treated without benefit by physicians, were at length completely cured by one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator. Its effect is truly wonderful.

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